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"AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE"

AND

POEMS

OF

PAX VOBISCUM



E. F. Davis, Palmer David-7

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AND

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Dedicated to

THE ONES I LOVE BEST

MY WIFE AND KIDDIES

PREFACE.

WHY

We were fixing up Daddy's desk one day.
(He was a traveling man and had gone away.)
When we ran across a drawer full of prose and rhyme
That he had written down from time to time,
While traveling across the country on the train,
Riding back and forth from California to Maine.

Said he done it just to put in the time.
Wrote out his thoughts and made 'em rhyme.
Said he had nothing else to do,
But write these verses Mother set music to.
Ah! the good times we had all together at the time,
Getting the melody and the meter to fit the rhyme.

These looked so nice and good to Grace and me,
We wrote to him way down south, just to see
If he would let us put 'em all together,
Bind them in a little book with a cover of leather.
He didn't seem to think much of this,
But said, "Anything to please my little miss."

He never did seem to care much for show,
As you will see by his letter here below,
But if his big kind heart you only knew,
You would love him and his verses, too.
He'd give Tom-cat the cream, and swear till the air was blue,
"Damn it, Mother, how I love you and the kiddies, too."

You was a kind of a rough spoken old dad,
But the best old daddy a girl ever had,
And now when ever I am feeling awfully blue,
I read some of the good thoughts written by you,
Then my heart grows mighty glad,
Thinking of Mother and you, Dear Old Dad.

(Signed) GRACE PAXSON,
DORMA PAXSON.

POEMS OF PAX

by

C. D. PAXSON

Compiled by
Dorma and Grace Paxson,
Cleveland, Ohio,
1916.

TOGETHER

Well! Here we are, all together,
The immortal grip, with its hide of leather,
And her I loved the best,
And the kiddies with whom we'd been blessed;
All good, faithful friends of mine,
And, yours truly, until the end of time.

PAX VOBISCUM
(Peace Be With Thee)

AMERICA.

From the rockbound coast of MAINE,
O'er lofty peaks and broad and fertile plain,
To the sun-kissed slopes of the Golden Gate,
Waves an emblem of Peace, the Flag of the Great.
From the icy North of the Land of the DAKOTAS,
Down the Father of Waters to the DE SOTOS,
To Florida, the Land of Sunshine and Flowers,
STARS AND STRIPES float in Peace o'er this nation of ours,
A NATION FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, YANKEE
DOODLE'S singing—
HOME, SWEET HOME, 'WAY DOWN ON THE SWANEE
RIVER'S ringing.

CHORUS

Over the fairest land mankind ever knew,
Floats the Peaceful Flag of RED, WHITE AND BLUE.
The Stars of Heaven smile down all aglow,
On Stars of Peace and Happiness, here below.
The Sun by day shines out with a brilliant hue,
On a Flag of Peace, with its Field of Blue,
May that Flag forever wave, of the U. S. A.,
And Mankind reach the Peace of a Perfect Day.

We'll bound this glorious land of ours,
With Peace, Love, Happiness, and Flowers.
On the North by the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE;
Mankind was created equal—our Flag our dependence.
On the South by the EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION;—
Freedom, Justice and Peace—the motto of our nation.
On the East by the DOCTRINE OF MONROE, Alliance with none;
Friendship with all mankind, beneath the sun.
On the West by God's given GOLDEN RULE—to do
Unto others as you would others do unto you.

SECOND CHORUS.

(A Prayer)

We thank Thee, Almighty GOD, above,
For ALL the Blessings of this Land of Peace and Love.
We look for guidance and place our Faith in THEE,
And ask that Peace forever reign from Sea to Sea.
We pray that Wars may cease and Peace prevail,
And that the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN will never fail.
With PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN,
"IN GOD WE TRUST, PAX VOBISCUM, AMEN, AMEN."

THE SONG OF THE LARK

The day had begun and 'twas the awakening hour.
A maid, as pure as the most fragrant flower,
Wandered down the path, by the meadow wall,
As the long gray shadows of dawn began to fall.
The most wonderful music came out of the sky,
Like a mysterious revelation, coming from on high,
Just as all was being unveiled from a mantle of dark,
The passions of a Soul was awakened by the song of a Lark.

Each note seemed to come from some heart's deep well,
And did a story of sorrow or happiness tell.
Mingled together were notes as pure as golden light,
With notes of wickedness and notes of just and right.
There were notes of supplication and notes of prayer,
Mingled with notes of remorse, crime and despair.
As these notes blended together and floating on and on,
Never ceasing, was the Lark's mysterious song.

Mingled with notes of laughter and delight,
Were notes of sadness and sorrow, as dark as night.
Mingled with love's notes that went wrong,
Were the soft, sweet notes of "Love's Old Sweet Song."
But the bitterest, burning notes of all,
Were those that seemed from a mother's song to fall,
As she sang for the child of her delight,
"Oh! Where is my wandering boy, to-night?"

How cruel were the notes of injustice and fate,
Crying out to have Life's story abate:
While we linger for a few short hours,
And gather a few of the bright, golden flowers.
But there is no stopping to this song's theme,
Where all is vanity and like an empty dream.
And the song goes on and on, and always will be,
Forever and forever, until the end of eternity.

UNSEEN—UNHEARD—UNKNOWN

As "Many a fragrant flower blooms unseen" elsewhere,
And "Wastes its sweetness on the desert air,"
So many a wonderful bird with plumage so rare,
That Solomon in all his glory, with it could not compare,
Has sang songs unheard, here and there,
Singing alone, in solitude, has flown, whence or where?

Many a great mind has lived and died,
Without even an opportunity, its value to be tried.
Many a heroic deed has been done,
Without a monument for it, raised to the sun.
Many a noble act done in an unpretentious way,
Kindness and charity done without a word to say.

Many a good man has plodded thru life alone,
Longing and wishing for "The One" to call his own.
Many a beautiful woman is sighing tonight,
Just for someone to love with all her might.
Many a pure heart has lived and loved in vain,
Because "The Someone" was not found to be gained.

Many a great oak had grown to be a monarchical tree,
Lies with mountains of marble uncarved under the sea.
Many a brilliant diamond lies buried in a bed of clay,
Will remain uncut and never see the light of day.
Many a sinking sun looks back from the golden West,
See's that you let pass, unseen, unheard, unknown—"The Best."

THE BROOK BY MOONLIGHT

The Sun had sank in the golden West.
The birds of the forest had flown to their nest.
The broken clouds, with their silver lining,
Sailed in crowds and the stars were shining.
The raising moon came peeping thru
The trees with their leaves of golden hue.

The darkest shadows hid in every nook,
Along the mossy bank o'er hanging the brook,
That came rippling and dancing down the dell,
Each sprite with its own sweet story to tell.
Laughing and singing and jumping as if in play,
To nestle at last, in the pool at close of its day.

Over this pool of Life's great mystery,
Stands a beautiful monstrous tree,
From who's branches the dew drops down,
To mingle with drops Experience had found,
Sending up wonderful visions to the sky,
Forming beautiful memories that never die.

From this pool all inspirations flow,
To be dashed o'er rocks into pools below.
The depth of which no mortal knows,
As on its journey to the end of Life it goes.
All things else to one side are quickly tost,
All things else are from view quickly lost.

Only deeds of kindness and tokens of love,
Will remain to be smiled on by the One above.
The moon has shown for millions of years in the past,
And will shine down for millions of years to the last.
Will it shine down in a few short years, to come
On anything worth while that YOU have done?

(Written after seeing Blakeslocks great painting
by that name.)

LIFE'S STREAM OF TEARS

Down Life's valley of years,
Flows a stream of human tears,
The depth of which no mortal knows,
As on its journey to the Sea of Glory it goes.

Each tear wrung from some heart's deep well,
Could some sad story of grief and sorrow tell,
Mingle with each other and wander on side by side,
Never ceases this flow of human tide.

Side by side flow tears as pure as the golden light,
With tears of the wicked and tears of the just and right.
Here are tears of remorse, crime and despair,
Mingled with tears of supplication and tears of prayer.

Mingled together are tears of laughter and delight,
Are tears of sadness and sorrow as dark as night.
Love tears, (for a lost lover) that a maid's eyes did dim,
Mingle with the maid's tears that won and married him.

But the bitterest, burning tears of all,
Are those that from a mother's eyes did fall,
As she prayed o'er the child of her delight,
And sings of her wayward child, at night.

“Oh! where is my boy to-night?
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows,
Oh! where is my boy to-night?”

Dashing against the cruel rocks of injustice and fate,
We fain would have Life's cruel stream abate,
While we linger and enjoy Life's pleasures for a few short hours,
And along the brink gather bright, golden flowers.

But there is no stopping in Life's sad, sad stream,
Where all is vanity and like an empty dream,
Flowing on and on and on, and always will be,
Forever and forever until the end of eternity.

LIFE'S GREATEST BLESSING

After all has been said, and all has been done.
After's Life's battles have been fought, lost or won.
And there remains to do, nothing more—
There is only one thing that was really worth living for.
Life without it was not worth the effort it took.
And without it Life was like an unfinished book.
This one thing that makes the sunshine from above
Shine thru the darkest clouds of trouble is LOVE.

LOVE is the best and sweetest thing :
It makes Life worth while, regardless of its sting.
It makes poverty's crust taste sweet,
Turns thorns into a path of roses for weary feet.
But when shut out from a heart that for it cries,
It fades, (for 'tis a tender blossom) and it dies.
And if we but neglect it in those that are nearest,
It will be lost forever by those we loved the dearest.

It takes but little nourishing and so little room.
Just a little kiss and roses on a faded cheek will bloom.
A tender hand laid gently on shoulders bent,
Will be like a message from Heaven sent.
A smile into eyes that are shadowed with care,
Is the wordless voice of LOVE'S Holy Prayer.
The little touch of a hand on a wrinkled brow,
Makes a Heaven of Earth and a Paradise, now.

Don't think it was only for Life's morning, sent,
Or only for Youth's Spring-time that it was meant.
It has a place in all hearts that are true.
Whether 16 or 60 and from the old year to the new.
It's the only thing that I have ever found,
That lives forever and makes the World go round.
Some thing that will never grow old,
And will last forever like purest gold.

But if LOVE we should neglect or forget,
It is killed by a careless act of regret,
Or it will go dumb from an unkind word spoken.
Starve LOVE and some dear heart is broken.
Life's happiness hangs on this slender thread.
LOVE is lost by a look or a word carelessly said.
But if it is cherished 'tis the sweetest thing,
And the whole world with music will ring.

It's the little things we do, and the little things we say,
That will bind LOVE fast until the Judgment Day.
Just a little touch of a hand, or a smile as we pass by,
Just a little kiss as we grow old and LOVE will never die.
For when the shades of Life begin to fall,
The loss of LOVE is the greatest loss of all.
And the saddest of all sad things that befall Human Fate,
Is, that you failed to show how MUCH you LOVED until too late.

AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE

"All aboard for the midnight train,"
Called the hotel porter once again.
"All aboard for the train going west;"
We jumped into the hack with all the rest.

The midnight train thundered into the railroad shed,
We climbed aboard long after others had climbed into bed.
"We are all sold out, in the Pullman," the darkey said.
We went forward then to the day coach ahead.

My eyes grew heavy and my head began to sway,
As a soft, sweet voice beside me seemed to say:
"You're all tired out, old man; lay your head on me."
I was soon fast asleep and dreaming sweet as could be.

I dreamed of her I loved the best,
How I had picked her out from all the rest,
And of the kiddies with whom we had been blest,
And the good times we had together—you know the rest.

I dreamed of another good old friend of mine,
Who has been with me through it all, rain or shine,
The one on whom I now lay my weary head,
Or rested on when I had walked 'till almost dead.

Together we had never found a hill too steep,
Nor a trial nor a trouble that was too deep;
Though we had made many a long, hard trip,
You have never gone back on me, good old Grip.

Though you have got the toughest old hide,
You've the best heart and the nicest things inside;
You're always glad to give the best you've got to me,
And the presents that make the kiddies dance with glee.

And when we take the last long, long trip,
I want to take along my old friend, the grip;
And when we are through with life, with its sorrows and its joys,
Oh God, take us home together with Thy children, the boys.

THE TRAVELING MAN

The hotel-buss, from the midnight train,
Brought only one passenger, through the rain.
A traveling-man, tired, weary and sad;
For he had toiled all day and trade was bad.
Not a single order showed on his book;
The disgust he felt showed in his look.

With a careless hand, he wrote his name,
On the page of the book, unknown to fame.
The drowsy clerk the signature scanned,
And a letter placed in the drummer's hand.
See how he starts as a smile of delight
Comes over his face at the welcome sight!

Thus clouds of despair will ever appear
To the traveling man, some time in the year.
So, wives, sweethearts, sisters and chums,
If you know where to find us when Saturday comes,
Drop us a line, if time will permit;
Draw on us, at sight, and we'll remit.

WALHALLA

A brilliant hall, called Gladsheim, stood
Amid Glasur, a grove of precious wood;
The trees of which bore leaves of gold.
This beautiful myth in the frozen far north, is told.

Before this hall, (which was so high
Its summit could scarce be seen with naked eye.)
A wolf was hung as a symbol of war;
O'er which an eagle perched evermore.

Many golden shields were hung in this grand hall;
The wainscoting was made of spears, great and tall;
There were 540 doors to and from this place of rest,
Through which 800 Enkerjers could march abreast.

To all Enkerjers this hall was held apart;
Who came after death to Odin in all their heart;
A feast was then held in this grand hall,
In honor to noble Jarls, who answered Odin's call.

The hall was decorated in honor of these men of noble actions.
Divine heroes stand up in honor to them at these receptions.
All Walkyries taste for them the sacred wines,
Which only Odin, the king, drank, at other times.

To Walhalla came all kings,
Even though they did not die of battle stings.
Walhalla's joys were prepared for all men
Who, unto death, had remained faithful to Odin.

Brave and noble chiefs who, in the cause of right,
Had wielded the blood-dripping sword in manly fight,
Were met and welcomed by the messengers of the lord,
(Bragi and Hermode) and bid enter Walhalla and receive their reward.

A loved leader in battle having been slain,
His comrades kill themselves, at once, on the plain.
In his grave his body is then laid in armor bright,
Along with horse, arms and treasures won in fight.

If perchance the hero at night to his grave did ride,
His beloved Walkyrie received him with loving pride,
And reposed in her fond embrace,
Until of night there was no trace.

"It is time to make the horse tread
On the white stair of the sky," he then said.
"I must travel to the bridge of Heaven in the west,
Before the cock awakes the warriors in Walhalla, the land of rest."

Each morn, as the cock crows at coming light;
The warriors march out in all their delight;
And with each other they furiously fought—
(Past time play in Walhalla, this is thought.)

At mid-day all warriors who thus were slain,
Are by Odin's magic, brought to life again.
Under him all heroes were then called to dine,
And again partake of the sacred wine.

Odin partakes of nothing but sacred wine.
At these feasts of heroes sublime.
To the wolves (Geri and Freki) the eatables he gave;
They sat by his side, gentle and brave.

The guests ate bacon from the sides of Schremmer,
And refreshed themselves with mead and beer,
Which from the udder of the goat (Heidrun)
Did freely and in abundance run.

To the heroes Freyja passes the drinking horn,
Which the attending Walkyries to him had borne.
At these feasts all is peace, happiness and joy;
None are permitted there who would the heroes annoy.

The bacon which was for the feast of these heroes dear
Was taken from the side of the sacred boar, Schrimmer,
And prepared by the honored cook, Andhrimmer,
In a beautiful golden kettle, called Eldhrimmer.

Standing o'er Walhalla is a beautiful and monstrous Deer,
That in those days was called Ekthyrmir,
From whose antlers drops of water ran, pure and clear,
Into the enchanted well, Hyerghner.

From this well all rivers flow,
Dashing o'er rocks into their pools below,
Sending up a mist which, settling on rocks and trees,
Into beautiful images doth quickly freeze.

All things are thus from view quickly lost,
All things in that world are thus made of frost;
Even the moon in that land of glare
Is thus fed by the elements of the air.

The dead heroes' spirits are the stars so bright
That shine forth to Northmen as a beacon light;
As a monument of noble actions done
In that land of the midnight sun.



As Northmen believe Walhalla to be the home of the blest,
 So we to-day believe Heaven to be the place of rest;
 As Northmen trust in Odin, their god, in those days of yore,
 So we, today, trust in Christ, our Lord, forevermore.

**Explanation of the Words and Terms Used in the Descriptive
 Rhyme "Walhalla."**

Walhalla	Name of Northmen's Heaven.						
Odin	"	"	the Deity of Walhalla.				
Freyja	"	"	"	second ruler of Walhalla.			
Gladshheim	"	"	"	Palace in Walhalla.			
Glaser	"	"	"	Grove surrounding Gladshheim.			
Walkries	"	"	"	beautiful maidens of Walhalla.			
Enkerjers	"	"	"	Warriors of Walhalla.			
Jarls	"	"	"	Earls of Walhalla.			
Bragi	"	"	"	1st Messenger of Walhalla.			
Hermode	"	"	"	2nd Messenger of Walhalla.			
Sahrimmer	"	"	"	Sacred Boar	"	"	
Ekthyrmir	"	"	"	"	Deer	"	"
Hyerghmer	"	"	"	"	Well	"	"
Geri	"	"	"	"	Wolf	"	"
Freki	"	"	"	"	Wolf	"	"
Andhrimmer	"	"	"	"	Cook	"	"
Eldhrimmer	"	"	"	"	Kettle	"	"



THE AWAKENING

The good old man lay sleeping
In his easy chair,
While his grand-children
Stroked his silvery hair,
And from the happy smile
That on his face did beam
It was seen that he was dreaming,
Dreaming a beautiful dream.

He dreamed that he
Was young once more;
That he was a child
Again as of yore;
And at child's play
Had played the livelong day,
And now knelt at his mother's knee,
His little evening prayer to say.

He dreamed that he was
A lover again as of old,
And how he loved her
With a love as pure as gold;
He dreamed of the happy rambles
They together used to go,
Down the meadow,
Where the violets grow.

He dreamed next of their wedding,
And of their wedding day,
And of their friends,
So happy and so gay,
And as they stood
At the altar, man and wife,
Bound together by sacred vows
Until the end of life.

He then dreamed how
Happy and contented were they,
When they first began
Housekeeping in a humble way;
How he and his young wife
Worked cheerfully and happy alone,
As month by month they added
To the comforts of their little home.

As he dreamed of the growing confidence and trust
Which was placed in him by his young wife,
The good old man exclaimed aloud:
"Those were the happiest days of my whole life."



He dreamed next of their babes,—
 Little girl and little boy;
There was no limit then
 To their earthly joy;
And with the feelings of
 A parent's love and delight,
He carefully guided
 Their footsteps in paths of right.

He dreamed that as he
 And his wife grew old and gray,
How their children had
 Cared for them day after day;
With deeds of kindness
 And tokens of love,
They had been sent to them
 As choice gifts from Heaven above.

He dreamed of his
 Grand-children so happy and free,
As they climbed in play
 On each knee,
Or played hide-and-seek
 Behind his chair,
Until his heart was happy
 And free of care.

He dreamed of the
 Death of Mary, his wife,
Who had loved him devoutly
 All through her life.
Until death, she had remained
 Ever loving, faithful and true,
Through happiness and sorrow,
 From the old to the new.

He dreamed of the
 Sad parting when she died;
How he stood by her deathbed
 And most bitterly cried,
And wished that he, too, might die.
 And as he lay asleep,
The sad tears ran down
 The good old man's cheek.

Stretching forth his arms,
 The old man exclaimed aloud:
"I see Heaven and Mary, my wife,
 In yon golden cloud.

I'm coming to you, Mary,
And to Heavenly rest,
At the sinking of the sun
In the golden west."

The good old man lay dead,
In his easy chair,
While his children
Wept o'er his silvery hair,
And from the happy smile
That on his face did beam,
It was seen that he had died
Amidst a Heavenly dream.

THAT'S ALL

I don' gon' went 'way down South,
Where it takes half a melon to fill de darkies' mouth,
An' der heads gets as hard as a rock,
Totin' the loads back an' forth to de dock.
When a bunch of 'gator bait runnin' to beat de ban',
Hollerin' and yellin' as only darkies can,
Follerin' an old darky woman down de street,
That was wailin', "Oh Lawdy, Lawdy, my poor old
feet."

We caught her when she fell over a razor back hog,
That was chased thro de house and down de road by
a veller dog.

"Now where you all goin' Liza Jane,
Makin' so much fuss and raisin' cane?"
"Look ahere Liza what's the matter wif you' feet
I say,
Stop you yellin' nigr and tell me right away."
When she got her bref after de fall,
Said, "Gowan man I ain't much to tell at all."

Only I was a standin' on a heap of scrap iron, you
see,
An my ole man got drunk and was fitin' me,
And he hit me wif an ax on de top of mah head,
An', Oh Lawdy, my poo ole feet, mah poo ole feet,"
she said.

But Liza what did you do then?
I didn't do much, honest, judge an men,
I just slapped him kinda light and small,
Den da took him to de hospital, dead, dat's all.

MOST-AS-MIGHTY-FINE

Lazy nigger, just a layin' in de Sun ;
Didn't care if nuffin' ever did get dun.
("Society folks where you all agoin,' ' he's thinkin',
"Wif all your wild oats a-sowin', and a drinkin'?"")
De Honeysuckle roun' mah cabin door am a growin',
De cotton am so white, looks like 'twas a-snowin',
An' all around the banjos am a-ringin',
And in de palmetto trees de mokin' birds am a-sing-
in'.

Down where de ribber am a-flowin',
De fragrance of de wild hyacinth am a-blowin',
De ole shanghi rooster on de fence am a-crowin'
'Cause de young chickens sho' am a-growin',
And de water melon am a-ripenin' on de vine.
Lawdy, if dat ain't Heben it's mos-as-mity-fine.

WAITING FOR YOU

(A Song)

Spring is fading with the rose.
Life is coming to a close.
Autumn leaves are falling fast,
Leaving only a memory of the Past.
All comes before me, now, like a dream,
Things are not just what they seem,
For what was said of you was not true,
And I love you, and only you.

(Chorus)

Drifting o'er Life's ocean blue,
Longing for you, longing for you,
And when my Soul takes flight,
On Death's darkest wings of night,
I'll be true, Dear, I'll be true,
And waiting for you, waiting for you.

Last night as I lay sleeping,
Your sweet face appeared to me,
Beautiful as an angel singing,
And sweetly sang unto me.
When life closes its Book of Pages,
And re-incarnations thro
And thro the dark and endless Ages,
I'll be waiting, dear, for you.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE (A Song)

Your sister or your brother won't forget you,
No matter where you are or what you do;
And, just like a sweetheart, they are true blue,
Waiting and longing to hear from you.
Quarrels will soon be forgotten and their love re-
new,
If you will only write as you should do.

Why don't you write, why don't you write?
Some one's heart is breaking to-night.
The darkest clouds sail off in crowds.
Happy they would be, if they could only see
A letter from you, honest and true,
So why don't you write, why don't you write?

Your father and mother, old and grey,
Are praying for you, day after day,
And just like a husband or wife will say,
Little quarrels will soon pass away,
If you will only write to them and simply say
You love them in the same old-fashioned way.

QUEEN OF THE EVERGLADES (A Song)

Down the stream, like a dream,
Rowed a sweet little Indian maid.
Stars above her, met her lover,
Seminole chief of the Everglade.

Fleecy clouds sailed in crowds,
As he wooed this little Indian maid.
Through the trees sang the breeze,
"I love you, queen of the Everglade."

CHORUS

Moonlight, stars bright,
Both will come and go.
By their bright, silvery light,
My love for you you will know.
I'll be true as stars above,
For you're the only one I love,
And the palms we'll sit beneath;
I'll be your big Seminole chief.
You little maid, queen of the everglade.

Summer night, by the light
Of a silver moon shining over her.
Over the waves, returned the braves,
Bringing back a victorious lover.

Happy she, him to see,
Was this sweet little Indian maid.
To their home, they rowed alone,
Chief and queen of the everglade.

“BE”

I want to be
What you want me to be.
I want you to be
What I want you to be.
I want you to be
My queen bee.
I want to be
Your king bee;
My honey bee.

THE ALLIGATOR RAG (A Song)

An alligator lay sleeping on the bank of a stream,
With nothing to do but dream, dream, dream.
It made Mrs. 'Gator sore, to have him lay there and
snore.

She whispered in his ear and his tail began to wag,
And away they danced, that Alligator rag.

CHORUS

Come with a rag, a tag, a tag, tag;
Come with a hip, a tip, a tip, tag;
Come with a roodle, doodle, doodle.
Hug me up tight, snoodle, snoodle.
Sig, fig, fi, de, diddle, de dag.
Though the woods they did prance,
Through the woods how they did dance,
That hypnotizing, mesmerizing Alligator Rag.

A big colored man, Washington Abraham Brown,
Did not want to do anything, but lay around.
Lazy as he could be, didn't like to work, you see.
But—Oh! how he could make his banjo ring,
When his dusky sweetheart would begin to sing—

O YOU CHICKEN (A Song)

A big dicky rooster and a little brown hen
Lived all alone in a nice little pen,
For all anyone could see,
They were happy as could be.
But when she went on a pout,
He'd jump the fence and fly out.
And he didn't do a thing,
But have a time and sing:

CHORUS

Chick, chick, chick, you look good to Dick.
What I want to do, is fly the coop with you.
Come go out with our crowd,
There no one else is allowed,
For a little fun, you see;
For Oh, Oh, you little chick, you look good to me.

Now big Dickey Jones married Susan M. Brown,
Lived all alone in a small country town.
Two happy ones were they,
People seemed to think and say.
But some fun just now and then
Is relished by most of men.
Though it wasn't quite the thing,
He couldn't help but sing:

ON THE SANDS

Won't you come over and play with me,
Down on the sands by the sea?
We'll have the bestest time, dear,
All alone, just you and me.
We will build our castles in the sand,
And stroll the beaches, hand in hand;
We will paddle in the water and gather up shells,
And dig the deepest kind of wells.

CHORUS

For, sweetheart, I love but you, and only you;
And to you I'll be true, dear, I'll be true.
To me you will be just the same,
In Life's sunshine or rain,
As you vowed you'd be true to me,
I said the same to you down on the sands by the sea.

Hand in hand, together we will go,
Down through life's sunshine and snow.
To me you will never older grow;
I'll love you then as now, you'll know,
And when we have older grown,
My love for you will be shown;
And you will always be young and fair to me,
As you were down on the sands by the sea.

IN THE SAME OLD WAY (A Song)

A little boy and a little girl
Lived in a quaint old town;
She with hair of a golden curl,
He with locks of deepest brown.
Playmates true and friends were they,
Until someone told her one day
That he had a very bad and naughty way.
She would only laugh and simply say:

CHORUS

I love you in the same old way,
No matter what others may say,
What they say of you,
Does not make it true.
You're the one and only one I ever knew,
And if the word you will only say,
My dream will then come true,
And I'll love you in the same old way.

To the city, he went away,
To make his fortune and his fame.
He wrote her and waited day after day,
For the answer that never came.
False friends told her he was not true,—
That he'd loved another and not you,
And had with the other gone away.
But love was true and he came and did say.

MY SUMMER GIRL (A Song)

Down the stream, like a dream,
Rowed a sweet little summer girl.
Stars above her, met her lover,
The one that set her heart in a whirl.
Fleecy clouds, sailed in crowds,
As he wooed this dear little pearl.
Through the trees, sang the breeze:
I love you, my sweet little summer girl.

CHORUS

Moonlight, stars bright,
Both will come and go.
By their bright, silvery light,
My love for you, you will know.
I'll be true, as stars above,
For you're the only one I love.
When the autumn leaves have fallen,
With a ring I will be calling,
For you, Pearl, my sweet little summer girl.

Summer goes, with its rose,
And the winter is on its way.
I'll come to you, our vows renew,
To love you in December as I do in May.
You will be, as fair to me,
When your hair is in a silver curl,
As when in brown, hanging down,
When you were only my summer girl.

CLEVELAND,
YOU'RE HOME, SWEET HOME, TO ME

Won't you come and play with me, dearie,
Down on the sands of dear old Erie?
We will have the best time, you and me,
Down on the sands by the deep blue sea.
We will build our castles in the sand,
And stroll the beach, hand in hand.
We'll paddle in the water and gather shells,
And dig the deepest kind of wells.

CHORUS

For, sweetheart, I love you, and only you,
And to you I'll be true, dear, I'll be true,
And it will be just the same to me,
Strolling with you on Euclid Avenue;
For how I love you, and dear old Cleveland, too,
And you will be Home, Sweet Home to me.

Hand in hand together we will go,
Down through life's sunshine and snow,
And when we have older grown,
My love for you will be shown;
And when your hair is silvery white,
I will love you just as I do to-night,
And you will always be young and fair to me,
As you were down on the sands by the sea.

THE BEST I COULD

The world will go on and on and on,
And the sun will sink under the sea,
For hundreds of millions of years,
After there is no thought of you or me.

So let us live while we live, until we die,
So that we can say, without a regret or sigh,
Whether we have ruled a nation or sawed wood,
That we have done the best that we could.

REMEMBER

Remember the good things we have done ;
Forget those that were bad.
Remember the battles we have won ;
The victory always made us glad.
Remember the songs we loved so well ;
And the good old stories we loved to tell.
Remember, "To err is human ;
And that Perfection is Divine."
Remember the good acts,
And forget the bad that was mine.

THE LAST WORD

Life's story will come to a close,
Just as Spring vanishes with the rose,
For Life's autumn leaves are falling fast,
All will soon be just a recollection of the past.

And when my soul has gone to rest,
At the sinking of Life's sun in the golden west,
And my spirit leaves this abode for another,
The last word on my lips will be "Mother."

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